SARAH.

a Dream About the Stage for the Herald.

REAL AND IDEAL.

Art First, Truth Next and Realism Nowhere in Her Dramatic Credo.

MOMENTS WITH LA TOSCA.

Sardou and His Rivals-Mme. Bernhardt's Triumph - A Memorable Night at the Garden Theatre-Miss Seligman in "Mr. Potter of Texas" at the Star-"Sunlight and Shadow"-Mr. Willard in "John Needham's Double."

[COPTRIGHTED BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT.] THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

WHAT SARAH BERNHARDT SEES IN SHAKE-SPEARE AND THE MODERN PLAYWRIGHTS. I had a beautiful dream when I was a young

I dreamt I saw an immense temple sustained by golden columns which were decorated by perennial flowers that gave forth a sweet



The temple was surmounted by a marble group, the chief figure in which was a beautiful statue representing the Ideal. And beneath its broad wings I saw sad Truth.

In this temple of pleasure they taught the faithful that all good brought its joy, that all evil brought its pain. Molière, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Victor Hugo, touched and glorified in turn human passions and weaknesses. The moral taught by facts was endured without fatigue. The public went home enchanted by the glorious language they had heard; charmed, terrified, but always instructed.

Alas! and alas! My dream has faded. The Ideal vanished, cast out by the "true."

The new school is persuaded that it has truth, because it has not beauty. In France to-day they are writing a drama about the murderers Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard. But the genius of Shakespeare had forestalled the two wretches in the creation of Macbeth and Ludy Macbeth. The passions which govern these four personages are the same. Mucbeth, urged by his wife, killed a king to gain his throne. Eyraud, the brute, urged by his mistress, killed his man for the sake of his money. The two men were dominated by love, the two women by ambition. The women conceived the crime, they thought it out and directed the brutes who had no other strength than to obey and kill. Shakespeare has symbolized justice in Mac-

duff. The assassin of Gouffé fluds it in the public executioner. The great English author shows us Lady Macbeth killed by remorse. The French author will show us Gabrielle Bompard regretting her crime in gaol. Passion, its result, its deductions, its punish

ment, all are brought together in the two plays; but in the one it is terrible, it is sublime; in the other it is repellant and vulgar.

Oh, no. and again no. We want no realism. What good is it?

The stage will ever be the home of fiction, the prison will ever be a thing of wood and canwas, the edge of the knife will never pierce the victim's breast, the blood which flows from the wound will still be tinted water.

No readism, I say. Rather let us be the exponents of dreams.

We bold the mirror in which all things are reflected, but in which no truthsabides. We help you to endure what there is wearisome in Our task is not unworthy.

To teach the Truth of Truths we have the priests. To console us for Death we have God. SARAH BERNHARDT. 1891, New York.

In these few lines we have Sarah Bernhardt's



The greatest living actress bends her knee to the

She denounces the mistakes of modern realism. But she also proclaims her belief in the fundamental truths of the drama. For it is clear that when she seems to speak so

carse reflection of facts which by many is confounded with the real truth.

She believes in the everlasting verities of life, but not in their literal presentment. Her ideal is truth, informed by art.

To Sarah Bernhardt, as to most of us who think The Great French Actress Dreams and feel, the stage is a grand temple of illusion. The gods whom she worships knew the truth as none have known it, but they did not indict it on us crudely. The false gods she abjures are the mock realists, who give us vulgar facts and call them truth.

The actress pays homage to the genius of the nasters, of Shakespeare, Molière and Victor Hugo. She abhors the ultra modern school of Zela and Alexis, the school which is the fashion now in

Her mind is too broad and comprehensive to confound the Ibsens with their parasites. She admires Ibsen-she told us so last week. And she admires him, not despite his truth, but because he sees truth through poet-glasses.

She scorns the anecdotic and the gross in art. She is for "Macbeth," "Lorenzaccio" and "Ghosts." The drama of the slum and the gutter does not charm Sarah. It only bores and disgusts her.

"I do not want to see the commonplace and low on the stage," said Sarah, in the course of a talk I have just had with her. "It is the mission of true art to ennoble facts. I have no love for the sordid side of nature."

Her meaning is very aptly illustrated in the conrast which she draws between Macbeth and Eyraud. Both were murderers, indeed. Both sinned to please a woman. But Macbeth, as Shakespeare paints him, is an epic sinner. The Eyraud of the Fronchman is a beast.

Like most women she says more than she thinksand less. But the purport of her Credo is not doubtful. It is not realism in its proper sense she condemns, but the mock realism or the latter day Parisians.

Were it otherwise would Sarah Bernhardt bear with the author of such plays as "La Tosca" and Tedora?" Would she not shrink from the tragic love of

Phodre and Theodora? Would she not loathe the jealous fury of

No. It is not the truth, but the expression of the truth which marks the gulf between reality and realism. Touch murder with the wand of Victor Hugo or Shakespeare and the horrible at once becomes sublime. The vilest passion may be made heroic without offence to God or to morality. But these miracles can only be effected by the poets. To smaller men they are impossible.

Is Eardon a poet?

He had grand moments in his "Patrie!" and "La Haine." He is not grand in "La Tosca" or "Fé-

These works, like "Theodora," "Cléopâtre," and 'Fédora," owe half their value to the genius of one actress. But for Sarah they would not have been created. And with Sarah we know that they will

But thanks to the wondrous art and gifts of the woman for whom and by whom they have their being, the bloodstained scenes of such plays as

"La Tosca" appear grand.

As we stood within the temple of Ulusion on Thurslay and watched how Sarah slew her bestial suitor Scarpia, we knew that the play was low and hateful, but we could not deny its dreadful force.

And, after all, at its worst and most repellant 'La Tosca'' is pure beside some recent plays. Beside the "Conte de Neel," which was per-formed last month in Paris, Scarpia's lust itself seems almost tolerable.

I refer to this "Conte de Noel" particularly, be cause it is a type of the works which Sarah Bern hardt condemus. It is the climax of the horribly grotesque in drama, and it has done more than half a hundred other works of the same school to disgust the admirers of realism.

The very name of the "play" is airocious. It prepares us for a Christmas idyll. And the work is a coarse and filthy episode, a sketch of the worst side of rural life.

The "heroine" is a woman who has gone wrong before marriage. The peasant she has wedded suspects nothing or cares nothing, but the woman

dreads detection and disgrace. she steals behind a but in the fields. * * * She on Monday last,

slightingly of "truth" she refers to the raw and | have lavished on the marvellously gifted artist who plays Floria.

One never tires of Mme. Bernhardt's genius, charm and passion, but it may grow monotonous to read of them.

To all not deaf and blind Sarah Bernhardt's art is so much higher, finer, subtler than the art of all her rivals that comparison appears futile and

She is the sun of the stage, and I know no moon. The stars pale and wane in her splendor.

On Thursday we saw her at her best. Never, perhaps, since she first recited 'Les Deux Pigeons" to old Auber; never, in the days of her giory at the Français; never, in the after times of her erratio career, can she have surpassed the charm and power she displayed on that most memorable night when she appeared for the first time as Floria Tosca on the boards of the Garden

Graceful and coquettish in the church scene. feline and fascinating at the fête in the Palazzo Farnese, frenzied and despairing when they tortured her lover, and always womanly, she grew

charm which illumines Henry Irving's Mathias, John Needham's Double" might prove as success ful as "The Bells.

Whatever fate it meet in New York it is sure to make its mark some day in London. IN AND AROUND THE THEATRES.

BITS OF NEWS AND PIECES OF GOSSIP PICKED

UP AT THE PLAY HOUSES.

"Beacon Lights," a melodrama depicting life on the frontier, will be the attraction this week at H. R. Jacobs' Theatro.

One of she latest additions to the collection of waxworks at the Eden Musee is a figure of Erraud, the Paris stranger, who was rulloitined a few days ago.

"My Aunt Bridget! will pay another visit to the Grand Opera Hones to morrow night and remain for a week. The farce is still headed by Messrs. Mouroe and Rice.

A wall comes from the West that the railroads there are again stillening rates for theatried troupes and managers are cartailing their towns as a consequence.

Mile. Charcet, the Dypnotisk, will bereafter give her Mile. Charcot, the hypnotist, will bereafter give bet exhibitions on the stage of Worth's Museum. The specialty company this week will contain several new faces.

faces.

The Principal scane in "The Power of the Press," which will be ready for production at the Star Theatre in five weeks, will show a ship yard with a ressel on the stocks and the mechanics at work mont h. Miss Minnie Seligman is to be seen as the wife of a young ship carpenter,



Three scenes in "La Tosca" haunt me still First Floria's exit, when, replying to her lover's light rebuke of her profanity, she murmurs:-"La Malannet Elle est si bonn . Elle ne m'en veut pas!" Next, Floria's agony when Mario's screams of pain are heard, and in her anguish she attempts to

like a hunted beast and cut down Scarpia.

reach her lover. And last, her burst of deadly bate as she stands above the form of the tyrant, shricking, "Mewal Meurs! Meurs, bourreau! Meurs, infame!"

In "La Tosca" Sarah Bernhardt runs the gamut. She is everything in turn. She is inimitable.

"Mr. Potter of Texas" is the name of a new play One night, as the bells ring out for Christmas, | by Mr. Gunter, which was produced at the Star

terrible and tragic as Fate itself when she turned and Mr. Wilton Lackage will be what is known as a "fin-The Actors' Fund will be given a benefit at the Reston Theatre on Thursday afternuon. All of the big attrac-tions now in the Hub have volunteered to take part in the performance.

at the New Park Theatre.

"The Two Orphans" will be presented at Niblo's iomorrow night, where it will remain for a week. Miss Claxson. Mrs. McKee Rankin and Mr. Wilton Lackaro will be seen in the presentation.

Mr. Pete Baker, the German dislact comedius, will preduce "The Emirrant" at the Harlen Theatre to comerew. Tuesday and We Incestay, and "Bisinarck," his new play, during the remainder of the week.

The Ourles to be seen at the Paince Museum this week are Hope-My-Thumb, a midget; file Eliza and Hattie Bowen, the far woment Colume Nelson, the giant, and Turner Wood and Princess Nore, midget.

Mr. Frederick Pan dings, the justil's man of the Jaffer.

Torner Wood and Princess Nore, midgets.

Mr. Frederick Pauding, the juvent's man of the Jefformon-Florquer combination, is to star next season in a miledrama called "The Struggle of Life." He hopes to give the play a production at a Breadway house.

A special children's matinic of "The County Fair" will be given for the bonell of the Messiah Home for Children on the 13th inst. at the Union Square Theatre, Each child attending will receive a seawenir gift.

A Cinciunati man is responsible for the statement that there is a movement on foot to produce "Othello" in that city with Poter Jackson as Othello in that age, Muldou as Cassio and Miss Margie Cline as Desdemous.

An immense automatic clock with acanity

The company at Tony Paster's Theatre this wack will include Shedler and Blakeir, Miss Maggie Cline, Pollos and Casier, John and James Rassall, Ridwin Franch, Mrs. Josephine Heally, Mrs. Josephine Heally, the Verrissey and Froctor, Valdaro, the Westen Brethers, the Verlims and Protessor Abt. "The Viper on the Houth," the curtain raiser which procedes "The Nominee" at the Bijou Theairs, will be dropped after this week by Mr. Goodwin and a new one substituted. It has not ret been determined what will take its place, but several little plays are under consideration.

presentation.

Messrs, Charles Reed and William Collier are to jointly star next season in a faire called "Hoss and Jose," made the management of Asthews and Smythe. Their places in Mr. John Kinsell, company will be filed by Mr. Luke Schwolorat; and Wills "wealtain, who have heretofore been known principally is minstre! shows.

The Birt of a series of locutres on the Oberammergau. Passion Play will be given this afternoon at the Academy of Munic. The lecturer will be Mr. Marion Korner, who has just roturned from Oberammergan with a set of views showing the various scenes and characters of the presentation of the sacred drams. These views will be turown on an improve sheet.

A musical skit, naw to New Yorkers, entitled "Grimes' Cellar Door," will be presented at the Windaer Theatre to morrow night. The star is Mr. James B. Mackle, who was for a long time the trimes on "A Busch of keys." The company will contain Mr. Charles Burke, Mr. George Gaskin, Mr. Edward Lang. Miss Louise Sandford, Miss Beatrix Hamilton and Miss Jennie et Clair.

THEODORE THE FIRST.

Some Reflections on the Going West of New York's Favorite Conductor.

THE PUBLIC'S TEACHER.

Held in Fond Affection Like That Prince of Tenors, Italo Campanini.

Thomas, the favorite conductor, will leave us-For some time past it has been a settled thing that he will go to Chicago. Matrimony is a strong factor in the affairs of this present world, and ever since Clarenco Eddy was intrusted with the carrying out of the musical plan evolved by the great programme maker for his own wedding the City of the West has had an eye upon our leader of orchesra. This city by the lake is ambitious; it is all inclusive. It likes to gather much within its con-

Perhaps the loss may be temporary. Our massire may not stay, for once he went to Cincinnati, a centre of artistic industries, and came back before very long. Novertheless, here is a formidable contract for a lengthened term which looms up into view. So true it is that in the present instance the danger seems definite and ominous. There is a veriod of certain years' duration mentioned in the bond, and the papers have been signed. So we are compelled to face the facts of the case and acknowledge this-that New York's chief conductor is to

befold of certain years' duration mentioned in the bond, and the papies have been signed. So we are compelled to face the facts of the case and acknowledge this—that New York's childre conductor is to belong to New York no more. He is to go West, the control of the feeling of the public? It is only a sentiment or preindice which will find a similar explanation of this feeling of the public? Is it merely the outstonary competition of the public? Is it merely the customary competition of the public? Is it merely the customary competition of the public? Is it merely the customary competition of the public? It is merely the customary competition of the public of the regard widespread and sincese. When any prominent character having relations to the general public has been for a long time in the view of the people, much talked about by the ones who respect or admite him or his work, then he seemes a held—an effect which can be arthred in no other way than by such service of years.

A reputation which is new may be brilliant—an entire novally may finds out like a fresh comelling the properties of the public of the properties of the public of the properties of the public of the pu

But all this was not the chief matter; here have we not the sufficient explanation of our present regrets? superadded to these considerations which influence us all is the larger fact that in musical connection Theodofa Thomas is our old friend, the object of our admiration for a good many long years. Our savorite leader is not yet an olderly man; but he started out so young in the race that is a generation gone since the few of higher proclivities liked to attend the solrees of Mason and Thomas. Then, after the latter had become a familiar figure at the conductor's desk, there was the carrier series—in the "sixtles"—of the Thomas concerts at Steinway Hall, a temple of the art in its day.

Its day.

The spirit of the scene is changed now, for the territory has been needed by the piano monarchs who sigh for more worlds to conquer. But then it was a shining centre of high musical enjoyment. The initial ventures which offered us as a regular

The appers of the scene is changed now, for the torritory has been encoded by the platon monarchs was a shining centre of high musical enjoyment. The initial vacuume which offered us as a regular diet complote symphonies in worthy renderings, own bright coins which has been considered in the complote of musical in worthy renderings were rederied out which hashed long. The brilliancy went on until in successful decades the old walk were rederied of music in accumulated series of Thomas, the newer under Damrosch. As we pass the friends white faqued on Fourteenth street we think of the most of the read of the read of the control of the read of the r

the leadership for years. The result has been more than satisfying. If any one has wished to hear the very best he had only to attend one of the regular Philharmonic performances. They have long been recognized as standard. Here it is that a compari-son with the choicest European renderings may be in place.

son with the choicest European renderings may be in place.

So long ago as the time when the Philharm nic concerts were given in the old academy on Fourteenth street I have heard the orchestra there speak out the great Fifth of Besthoven in an intelligent tasteful and masterly way, which may not be surpassed the world over. It is a serious change now when the Philharmonic baton is to be laid down. And will the Chicago people accede to the society's request and allow him to take it up again?

All hall to the chief of the successful leaders. Cheers to him as he makes his bow to go out of the play. Good luck to our old friend of the dask in his later home where the lake winds blow. May they be accompanied by the finer breathings of the wind wood and string. May the years of the setting be so serene as if there were no trade unious to order who shall play his obee or bassoon.

C. W. K.

TWO IMPORTANT MUSICAL WORKS.

BERLIOZ'S "LA DAMNATION DE FAUST" AND MASSENET'S "EVE" PRODUCED DURING THE WENE.

Two musical works of more than ordinary imortance were presented before New York audiences during the past week.

Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" and Massenet's 'Eve" are both scores of such sterling worth that the revival of the one and the first New York hearing of the other are deserving of more than a cursory newspaper notice. Presented as they were, too, the one in the Metropolitan Opera House, with the full Symphony Orchestra, a chorus of 300 voices and soloists of merit, and under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch; the other under the auspices of the New York Chorus Society, they have challenged the critics on their manner of interpre tation as well as on the intrinsic merits of the scores themselves.

Although it has been nearly a decade since Ber lioz's "Damuation" was given here in its entirety, we have all of us prided ourselves on our general knowledge of the peculiar beauties of the score, and not until this revival have we discovered how little did we know of the work as a work.

Berlioz has been termed "a colossus, with few

NOTES OF MUSIC.

A concert is announced to be given by the "Society for Giving Free Concerts to the Foor and Unfortunate" on Sunday ovening, March 15. Ex-Judge Browne is at the based of the society.

"MR. FOTTER OF TEXAS" -ACT I. Mr. R. C. Carton, to which we were introduced on goody-goody piece of stage convention.

"John Needham's Double," Mr. Joseph Hatton's drama, is a stronger, and, I think, in many ways a far more interesting work than "Judah," while hat but a touch of the weird in the meiodrama entitled, "A Mile a Minute," the aceaes of which are laid in and around bondon. Miss Minute Palmer, who is add to have sigued separation papers with her bushand. Mr. John B. Rogars, last week, heads the company. She will be supported by Mr. Charles Coots, one of the surbors of the play: Miss Beveriy Sitsgrawses. Mr. Harry Clifton, Mr. Myron Challee, Miss Normie Tell and Miss Blancke Uswald.

returns to her cottage an infanticide. It is a broad and rather foolish play, though it "HERE ARE THE PAPERS." - "JOHN NEEDHAM'S DOUBLE" AT PALMEL'S.

As she steads home she is accosted by a foul hag seems likely to be popular. And if for no other

who has dogged her. "Don't fear," says the hag. "They'll never catch of displaying her intensity and force in the part you. I've thrown the child to the pigs." And the of a jealous woman, it is worth seeing. Miss Sellg-"play" ends. The story, in the rough, is a true one. I remem-

the boards of a theatre? I could quote many other "works" of a like kind which have from time to time within the last few

years been seen on the French stage. The oddest, perhaps, was a ballet which I saw three years ago in Marseilles. It was entitled "Pranzini. at the close of the piece, which was half acted and half danced, we were treated to Pranzini's ex-

ecution. The scene was reproduced with ghastly detail, and the curtain fell at last with a "duil Here we had "truth," of a sort. Truth made grotesque and blasphemous. There was "truth," too, in the "Conte de Noel." And there is "truth" in

But, with Sarah, we protest against the grossness of the truth. We denounce it as wile. We will have none of it. This poor humanity of ours is not all base. The

world is not made up of moral cesspools. It has its splendors, its beauties, its virtues, its heroisms, to offset its deep wickedness and vice. M. Sardou was too clever to forget this when he wrote his ghastly drama of "La Tosca." In contrast to the Sadio lust and cruelty of Scarpia he showed us the devotion of young Mario.

His Floria is sinful, but she loves, and for the sake of her love at last she dies. There is a monster in the play who knows nor love

nor mercy. It is Scarpia. And Scarpia is as false to human life as he is foul.

There is little left to add to the eulogies which, with few" exceptions, all who saw "La Tosca"

reason than that it affords Miss Seligman a chance man has gone far in her career and will go further. The tide which set so strongly against Mr. A. M.

ber having read of such a case in France. But what | Palmer at the outset of the season seems turning. purpose could be served by transporting it from His latest ventures at Palmer's and the Madison the rustic hell in which the crime took place to | Square Theatre are not of equal merit. But both



appear to have hit the public taste, and both may "Sunlight and Shadow," the three act play by

Tuesday at the Madison Square Theatre, is a goody-goody piece of stage convention.